Daily Eagle

STORY OF A SKULL.

HOW THE ELDER BOOTH CAME IN POSSESSION OF THE RELIC.

A Curious Gift From a River Pirate. Saved by the Chief of a Lawless Gang. Visit to a Convict—Scared Servant Girls.

One Sunday night in Louisville a number of people called on Edwin Booth, and among them a doctor who had considerable local celebrity. He wanted to see Mr Booth because he had known the tragedian's father, and he sent word to our room that he wished to place in his hands a valuable relic that belonged to the elder Booth. He was shown up stairs by a little darkey, who carried something wrapped in a newspaper. It proved to be a well preserved skull, thoroughly cleaned and the parts joined by springs and hooks. On seeing it the nigger lad's eyes stuck out with fright and he hastened away, declaring, foh God, sah, he'd nebber touched dat ting ef he'd a knowed it was a dead un's head. Then the doctor related the history of the skull, and it proved mighty interesting and romantic.

"Years before, Junius Brutus Booth played an engagement in Natchez. After the closing performance he was taken down in a cart with his trunk to the river landing, to wait for the upcoming steamboat. He found in the saloon at the wharf a rough-looking set of men, whom by their talk he concluded were thieves and desperadoes. There were lawless gangs along the big river in those days. Booth had $1,000 in money in a belt, and from motives of policy he invited the ruffians to take several drinks. As this only served to increase their peculiar looks in his direction, he thought it would be better to make a deal for fear of losing his life. There was no help near and escape was out of the question—he would probably have been followed and murdered. Selecting the roughest, toughest, ugliest looking man in the crowd, Booth called him outside to say a few words. 'Look here,' said he, 'my name is Booth. I am an actor; you may have heard of me. I've got $1,000 in here in a belt and I'm afraid of being robbed. I want you to take it and keep it safe for me until the boat comes along.' The fellow looked earnestly at the old man and then reached out for the belt. Booth never expected to see a dollar of the money again, but he was glad to insure his personal safety. He slept on a table in the saloon. Next morning he was awakened by the custodian of his treasure. 'Get up,' said he; 'the boat's in sight. Here's your money!' Booth was thoroughly surprised, but of course delighted. 'What's your name?' he asked; 'I always like to remember an honest man's name.' The fellow hesitated, lowered his voice and answered: 'It's Morrill. Folks hereabout call me the chief of the river pirates. You trusted me, and I appreciate the trust.'

IN REMEMBRANCE.

"A year later Morrill was sentenced to the penitentiary for life. I believe Ned Buntline wrote a highly colored history of his crimes for one of the story papers. When old Booth returned to Natchez he visited the convict, took him money and delicacies. A strange friendship sprang up between these singularly different men, and every time the actor went to Natchez he repeated his visits to the prison. On the last he found Morrill dying of consumption. "Booth," said he, "I've not long to live. I should die happy if I had something to leave you to remember me by. You have been good to me, and I can repay you not at all. I have nothing." "Cheer up, old chap," answered Booth. "If you're set on leaving me a legacy let it be your head." He spoke in jest, of course, but the pirate took it in earnest, and on his death shortly after it was found that he had willed the tragedian his skull. Booth gave it to the doctor in Louisville to put in order, but dying himself soon after the request was forgotten until the physician brought it to Edwin. We used it for Yorick's skull in 'Hamlet,' and it was one of our most precious relics. It was a nice clean skull, and lighted up splendidly at night in the graveyard scene.

"One time at a hotel it was put on a shelf in the wardrobe, and I mounted it with a Macbeth wig and big bejeweled, gilt gown. Some prying servant girls happened to see it. A couple of 'em fainted, and the rest were frightened most to death. Morrill's skull didn't remain long in Edwin's possession, though. One time he went home to visit his mother, who lived on High street, in Baltimore. Unpacking his trunk while he was out, she came upon that skull. Not knowing what it was used for or the history attached to it, she decided to get rid of it along with some other rubbish. So when Edwin came in she told him how she had thrown that nasty skull out of the window, and that a coal cart passing by had a minute later crushed it into a hundred pieces.—New York Star.'

Curtains for a Badly Lighted Room.

The following advice is given by The Art Amateur to a correspondent who wants to know a cheap but effective way of curtaining the narrow and disproportionately high windows of a poorly lighted sitting room: "Cut off from the upper part of the windows enough to make the height of the window proportionate to the width, and fill the upper part with Japanese lattice work, which can be bought very cheap at almost any of the Japanese stores. Below have a narrow brass pole, with the usual brass rings. From this suspend 'Crete' curtains, which are transparrent, but heavier than the similar grenadine goods called 'Madaras.' With a light buff or rich cream-color window shade as a background for the latticework, as it will be if the shades are kept down a foot or two, you will retain more light in the room than you could secure by the use of any other kind of curtains and have an artistic effect at a small expense."—Exchange.

Secret of Being Well Dressed.

Nowhere is an American woman dressed so well as in New York. An Englishwoman is dressed well nowhere. The American woman will not have a dress made in London if she can get across the channel to be measured on French soil. It will not do to employ a dressmaker in England, although rank and wealth there command the best modistes. It does not answer to say that their art deteriorates, like the flavor of Beaujolais, by transportation, for when the Englishwoman goes to France to be dressed she, like the New York woman, comes back no better dressed than when she left home. "Dress!" exclaimed a Chicago girl. "It all depends on the way you swing it." That is the secret after all. The Englishwoman cannot swing it at all; the American woman swings it pretty well, but the swinging of a Frenchwoman is a poem.—Courier-Journal.

The "Nerves" of the Food Mother

The good housekeeper forgets that the large house with its wealth of furnishings and its many cares to which she steadily devotes herself has anything to do with it. Oh, these housekeepers! the food mother so proud of her well-dressed children, and, perhaps, proud as well of the fact that it is all her own work, never thinks that those millions of beautiful stitches are in any way responsible for the tremor and the hot flash that the slam of a door will produce, or for inability to be patient with the precious charges that need such careful guidance. What loving wife, whose "heart rises in her throat" at the seeming abstraction of her husband in business, or something beside the joy of her presence and of home, ever thinks that she has imparted her nervous depression to him, from which, possibly, if he be sensitive and never so loving, he cannot rally!—Cleveland Leader.